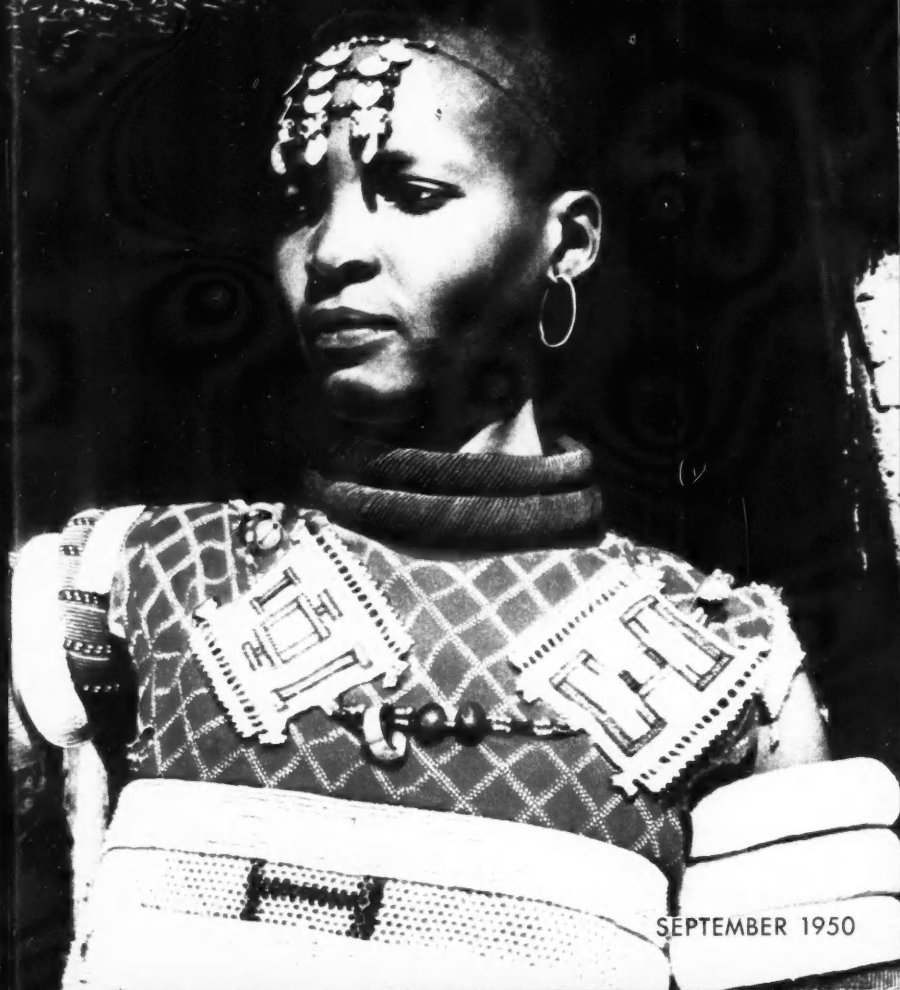


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



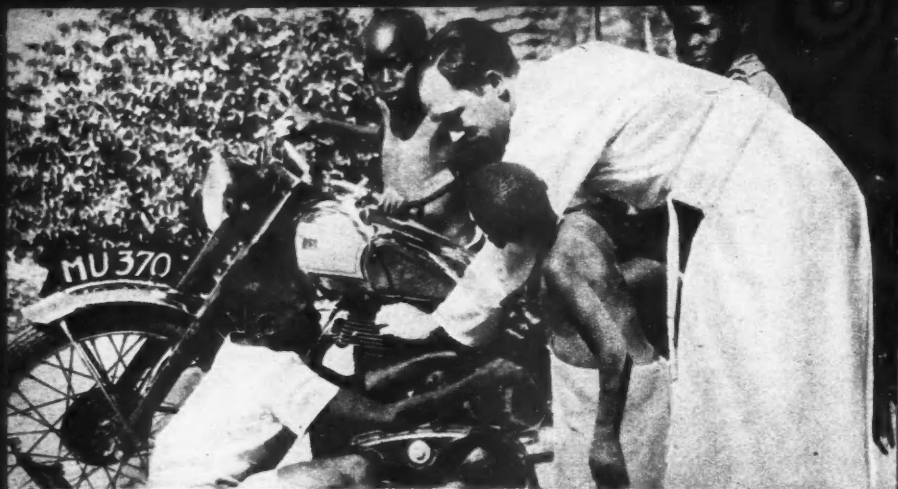
SEPTEMBER 1950



THESE Korean girls work behind a machine which spins threads of silk. Child labor is the accepted mode in nearly all of the Orient.

TO REACH MEN'S HEARTS



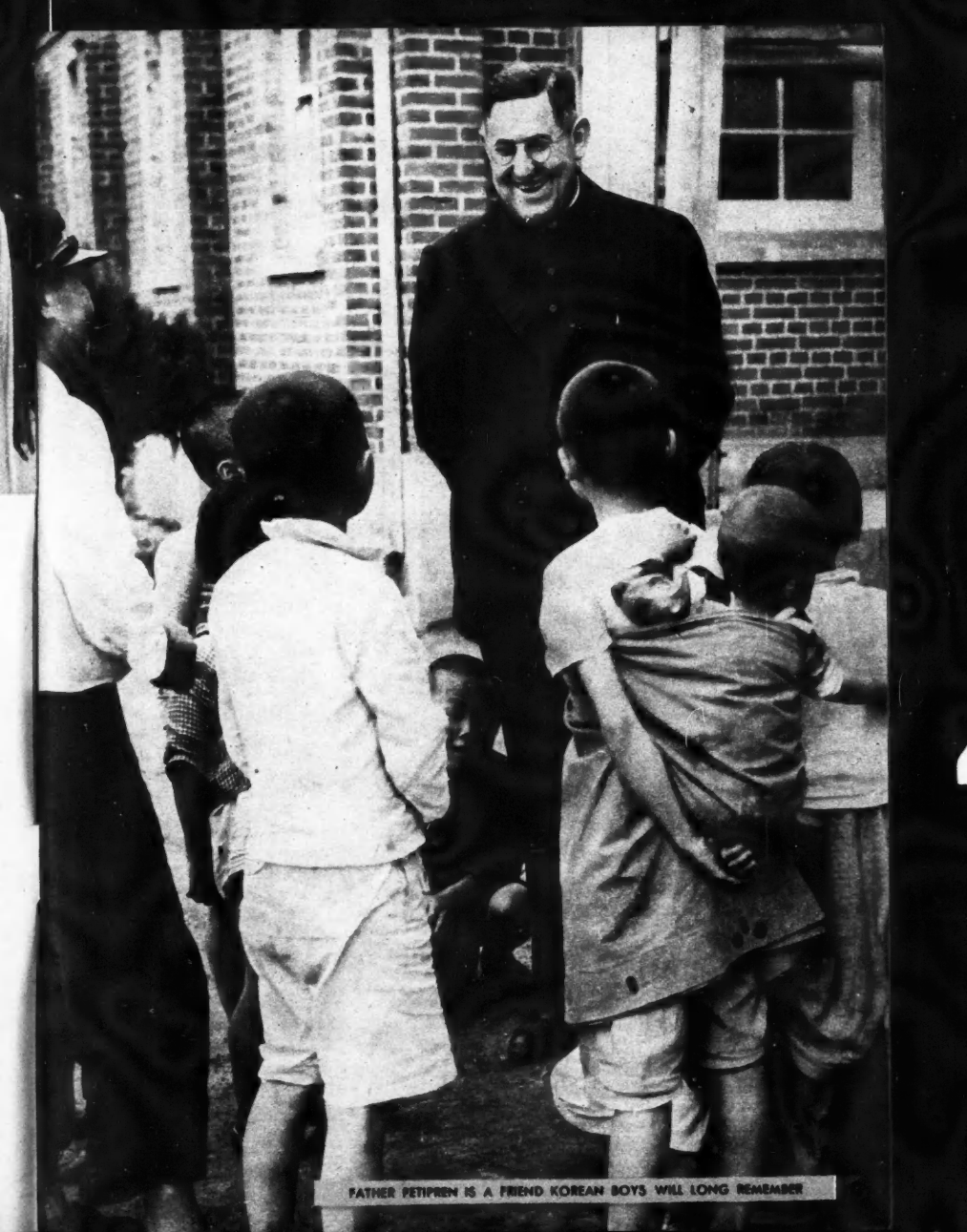


The mysteries of a "putt-putt" are explained in Africa by Father Bayless. In Bolivia, Father O'Neill has his arms full.



Regularly for several days, funeral processions had wended their way down the mountainside. Puzzled, Father John Lawler went up to the little Andean village to investigate. He learned that an epidemic of whooping cough had broken out; that one third of the village's children were already dead. He returned to his mission and obtained the help of some American doctors for the stricken village. Then the priest urged the people in the surrounding territory to bring their children to the mission for injections, which would prevent the epidemic from spreading. The people hesitated, but when Father Lawler allowed himself to be injected, they followed his example.

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FATHER PETIPREN IS A FRIEND KOREAN BOYS WILL LONG REMEMBER



FREEDOM FROM WANT HAS NOT YET COME TO GREAT JAPAN

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The story of Father Lawler can be repeated, in one form or another, in practically every one of Maryknoll's missions in Asia, Africa, and South America. Besides pointing up what the missionary can do, it clearly demonstrates that millions throughout the world are in need of help. Often the only person to give that help is the missionary.

In his book on Latin America, Father John J. Considine writes that 40,000 more priests are needed, if the people of South and Central America are to receive adequate spiritual care. General MacArthur has sent repeated requests to the United States, for more missionaries to come to Japan, where Christianity has the greatest opportunity in modern times. Maryknollers are continually besieged with demands from all parts of the world for priests, Brothers, and Sisters.

The need for missionaries exists. It is up to America to help fill that need. Our goal should be a thousand missionaries a year. Can we do it? Certainly! If a little country like Holland has, in proportion to its population, eleven times more missionaries than we, it is easy to realize that America has a long way to go.

The weak of the earth must be the concern of every Christian. To be a Catholic means to be universal-minded; to be interested in the welfare of every person, everywhere. Each Catholic can reduce this precept to practical demonstration by giving himself or herself to mission work; or if this is not possible, by backing the missions with prayer and financial support. The missions must be a part of everyday life.



This Mexican peddler of goat's milk travels through priestless towns; knows little of his Catholic Faith.



Dignity is etched into the pose of this Guatemalan woman. She has the right to know the meaning of life.



THE YARD OF THE KYOTO MISSION IS A POPULAR PLACE-

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Behind the Oriental facades of these youngsters, Father Robert Waeldner sees the image of the Christ who died for all men.

What can the missionary do? His task is manifold. He cares for the thousand-and-one spiritual and physical needs of the people to whom he is assigned. He feeds the hungry, just as Father Leo Steinbach feeds 1,200 poor families each week in Japan. He instructs the ignorant, as Father James Manning does with his progressive industrial school in Chile. He shelters the homeless, as Father Sweeney does in the colony he built for the lepers of South China. He clothes the naked, as Bishop Paschang did when he used his episcopal vestments to make clothing for his orphans. In short, he performs all the spiritual and corporal works of mercy commanded by Christ. He does this to build up a Catholicism where previously none existed. This is the nature of his calling.



Seven out of every ten people in the world do not get enough to eat. This must concern every Catholic.

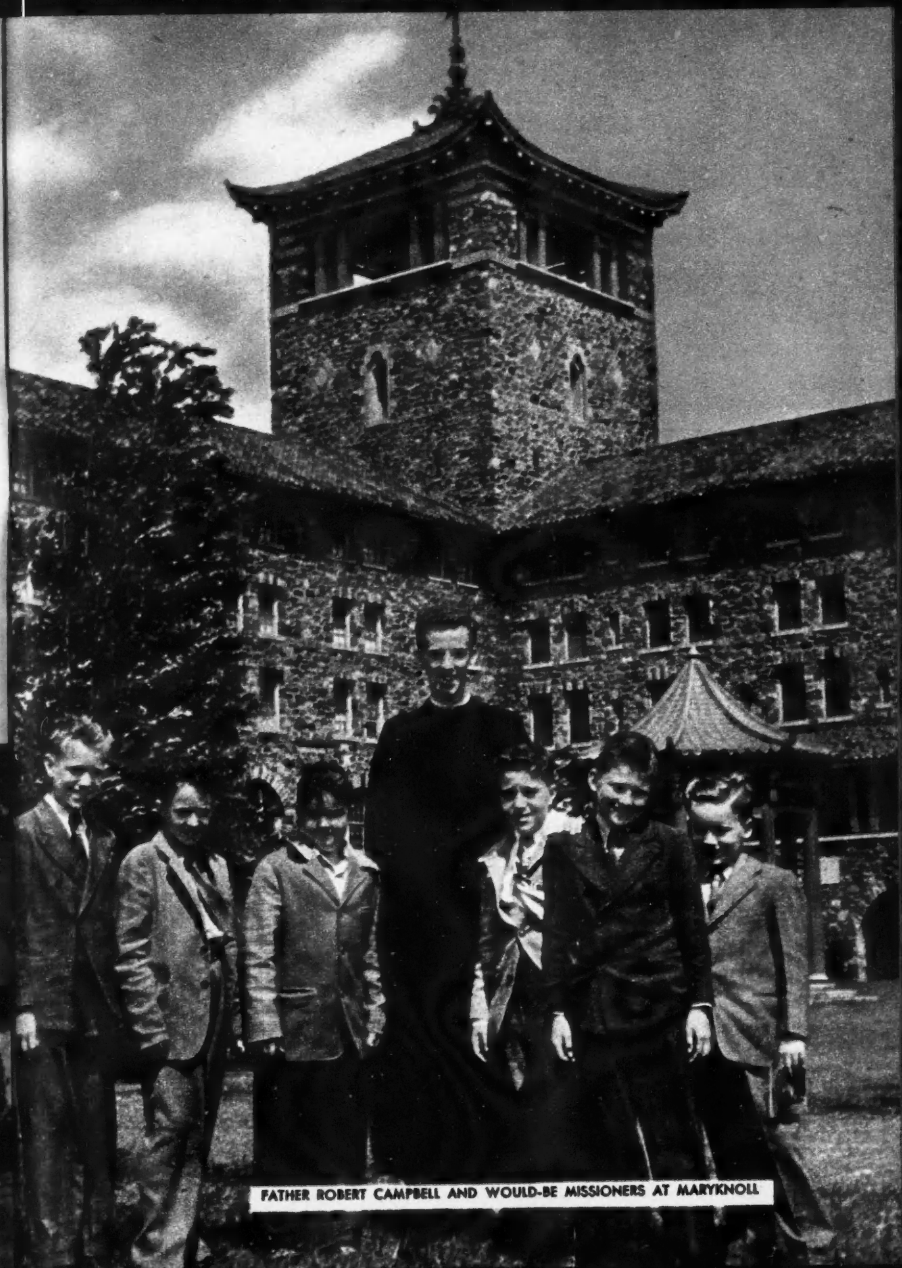


In 1911, two American priests founded the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America — today popularly known as “Maryknoll.” The purpose of this first American mission venture is to train American youths and send them overseas as missionaries.

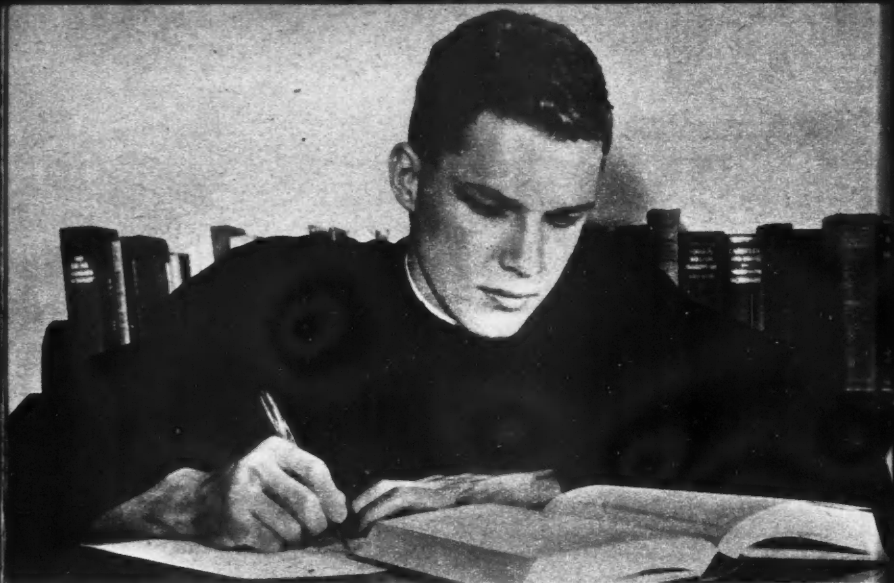
Since its foundation, Maryknoll has expanded rapidly. The major Seminary and final training house is located at the Society’s headquarters at Maryknoll, N.Y. Other houses of training are located in major sections of the United States: Akron, Ohio; Bedford, Mass.; Clarks Summit, Pa.; Glen Ellyn, Ill.; Lakewood, N. J.; Brookline, Mass.; Buffalo, N.Y.; Cincinnati, Ohio; Mountain View, Calif.; St. Louis, Mo. At the present time, Maryknoll is training some 800 young men to be missionaries.

Springtime at the Home Knoll means the flowering of the magnolia trees. But winter also etches with an artist’s brush, as this scene of the Maryknoll Novitiate, Belford, Mass., shows.





FATHER ROBERT CAMPBELL AND WOULD-BE MISSIONERS AT MARYKNOLL



Mission training is long and arduous, for the missionary must be a rounded man. The end is well worth the grind of study.

Many people, including Catholics, have no correct idea about seminary life. One old lady was heard remarking to her seminarian-nephew that "six years in a seminary is a long time to be practicing how to say Mass."

Studies at Maryknoll are geared to mission needs. In addition to a regular college course, and a thorough seminary training in philosophy, theology, and the sacred sciences, there are classes adapted especially to mission life.

The missionary must be able to stand on his own two feet and make his own decisions. Many of the courses at Maryknoll are designed to present this type of training. For example, our seminarians must study such subjects as mission medicine,

mission history, mission mechanics, and certain mission languages. The old Maryknoll stand-by, the daily manual-labor period, gives the would-be missionary a chance to learn a little about such trades as plumbing, carpentry, farming and even book-binding.

Since the missionary must strive to be a man like Christ, it is necessary that he have firm and deep spiritual foundations. Much of the training at Maryknoll is designed to produce this result. In addition, one whole year is spent at the Maryknoll Novitiate in Bedford, Mass., where spiritual training is given exclusively. To succeed, a missionary must appear like a saint to his people, and it is easier to become a saint than to pretend to be like one.



A CAMERA STUDY OF CHRIST'S MISSION TO THE WORLD



We Pass Out the Cereal

by James T. Manning

"When you drink water, think of the source."

It was a banner day at our mission on Toug Fook Road West when Father Meyer put up a sign, "Free Medicine to the Poor." A few Chinese stopped in to see if the sign meant what it said. By the end of the day, we had treated twenty-five sick people.

Father Meyer's aim in starting the dispensary was to demonstrate that priests had moved into 41 Toug Fook Road West to do good. It is now a little over a month since the dispensary was opened. The number

of patients has risen to 250; they come three times a week and are met by Father Meyer and his curate, who pass out medicine packaged previously to keep the line moving. A member of the Legion of Mary is on hand to tell the people in line that the priest is not called, "Mister" or "Doctor," but "Spiritual Father."

Besides medical aid we are giving out a wheat cereal. We give the parents about a coffee tinfal for each of their children. The crowds of Chinese eager to receive free

cereal became so big so fast that a system had to be devised. Each family was registered and given a ticket that permits the holder to come through the gate.

We have arranged to have two hundred ticket holders come to the mission each day. Father Meyer is at the door, greeting the people and taking their tickets. Lay helpers measure out the cereal and give each recipient a pamphlet explaining that the wheat came from the Catholics of America, who gave up small luxuries so the Chinese could have the necessities of life.

"When you drink water, think of the source," is a favorite Chinese proverb. It is also the title of the first pamphlet given with the free cereal. On subsequent visits the Chinese receive short introductions to the Catholic Church.

The cereal distribution and the dispensary work are making us known in the neighborhood. But the medical work is the better of the two for making lasting contacts. Patients are given the assurance that they may come back for more medical help whenever it is needed.

Mrs. Leung told Father Meyer that the ulcer on her foot is beginning to heal, thanks to his treatment.

Mrs. Choy from across the street, although much better off than most of the mission visitors, brought her deaf-mute daughter, seeking a remedy for the girl's asthma. Father Meyer was able to alleviate the condition. Mrs. Choy came back the

next day, bringing me a supply of sulfa drugs and cinifon for the dispensary.

Many other Chinese have shown their appreciation of Father Meyer's medical treatment, in various ways.

One day a neighbor of ours dropped by to ask if I would come to see her son. All his symptoms indicated malaria; I gave him some

atabrine tablets. His mother thanked me profusely then asked, "Say, Mister! What do you call yourselves over there at the mission?" After the question was answered she told all her children to shout in a loud voice, "Shan Foo!" The youngsters spread this information. Now very few people call us "Foreign Devil."

Surpassing every other means we have of getting in touch with the people is the Legion of Mary. The membership is small, but their zeal makes up for that. The members arm themselves with common medicines for ordinary ailments and visit their friends and neighbors. The medicine assures them of a welcome and a chance to introduce the doctrine.

Miss Ch'an gets the names of people who wish to study while they are waiting in line for medicine. Other members of the Legion of Mary, working in groups of two, follow up the dispensary contacts.

Results from these various methods of making ourselves known are quite good. Considering that this is a comparatively new mission, we have a promising number of people coming every Saturday for doctrine study.

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.**

THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Last spring I had the experience of breaking my leg. It all happened quickly on a calm day at sea, as I journeyed to Rome and Africa. Passing from the promenade deck to the main lobby, I stumbled on the brass riser at the threshold.

The break brought a remarkable chain reaction that reached from the middle of the Atlantic to Rome itself. I was hardly deposited in my cabin when a Jewish gentleman, representing a group aboard, delicately offered to meet any expenses that the accident might incur. The wife of a distinguished author offered me the use of a wheel chair, though she herself could not get about without it. A doctor friend practically gave up his vacation cruise to assist me.

From Naples an ambulance crew took me over the road, to the celebrated hospital of the Blue Sisters in Rome. Exquisite attentions removed from my hospital stay the smallest vestige of discomfort. An endless stream of kindhearted folk in Rome, most of them unknown to me personally, came to my bedside.

The experience was thought-provoking. What an extraordinary amount of generous care to lavish on a single individual. How beautiful it would be, I ruminated in my well-kept bed, if such solicitude could be the common lot of every son of Adam.

A few short weeks later, I was in

Africa. Local missionaries took me one day to a tiny hospital that has a dozen or so flimsy beds. Cowering in one bed was a wretched young fellow about twenty years old. The contorted expression on his face indicated that he was suffering excruciating pain both of body and of soul.

"Sad case," said one of the priests. "He was gored by a wild buffalo, and his father, a ne'er-do-well, let him lie on the ground for several days, until neighbors finally carried him here. The father has no use for him and has beaten him all his life."

My broken leg and its accompanying kindness came back to mind. Would that I could share with this suffering young man in Africa the charity that had been heaped on me! Precisely that goal of charity is an end that every Maryknoller, and every other missionary everywhere in the world has before him as he bears Christ.

Some few of us in times of trouble encounter Christlike charity. Far too many of the sons of men are much too familiar with hunger, cold, cruelty, disease, fear, ignorance, and sin, in their ugliest forms. That young man's heartbreaking couch of pain, in Africa, calls poignantly to us all to serve God's children all over the earth.

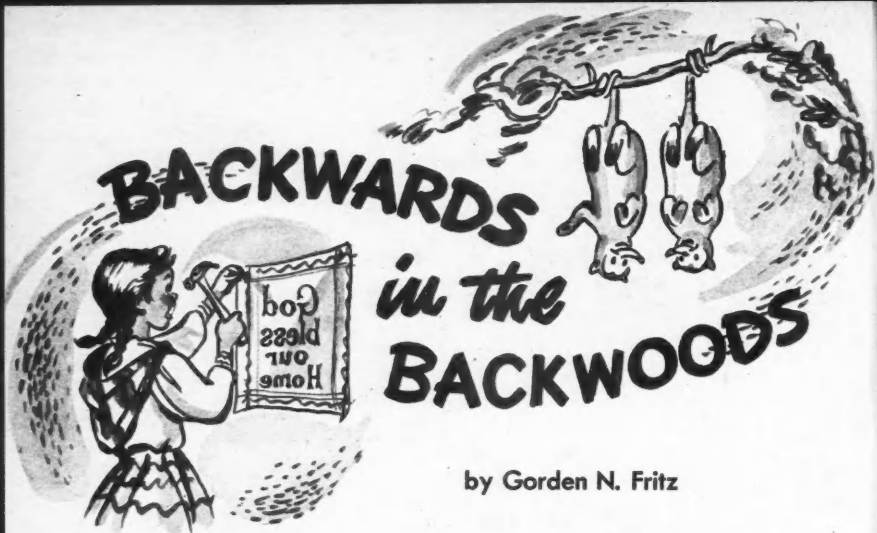
+ 





We all love Spider

Spider can lay no claims to pedigreed ancestors. No canine beauty parlor could put him into shape to win even a booby prize at a dog show. Yet winsome tactics endear Spider to young and old at the mission of Guayaramerin in the jungles of Bolivia, in charge of Cleveland's Father Joseph Flynn.



BACKWARDS in the BACKWOODS

by Gorden N. Fritz

Life is always upside down in the jungle

The little girls from the Cavinass mission school filled all the vases of the church with flowers, without even a hint from me. They put seven vases on one altar, and one on another; not a drop of water in a single one of them! But it was a pleasing little gesture just the same, especially as it was the altar of the Virgin that came out the better of the two.

The most fascinating thing about the Indians of this jungle settlement in Bolivia is the wonderful consistency they maintain in doing every variety of work in the most backward and obverse method possible. I once made a dictum like that of the foolish man in the Bible who said in his heart, "Every man is a liar." My saying was to the effect that, if it is possible for a thing to be done backwards, give the job to an Indian who lives in Cavinass.

He will find the backward way to do it every time!

Just to prove myself wrong and to show that the tribe is gradually improving under my tutelage, I took special note during the past month to see how we were making out. I came out quite badly; my dictum seems to be just about as true as it ever was.

For instance, the covering for the main altar is embroidered in the center with a nice, red IHS. The wrong side seems to be obvious from about forty different aspects. But, unless I am quick on the draw every morning, out the servers go to lay the covering — and I am left with the task of changing it around from SHI. Fortunately I have long since learned by memory the contents of the two side altar cards.

Each day, though, I have one or

two surprises. I don't always see the possibility of doing a job backwards until after it has happened.

It wouldn't seem probable that a man could put tiles on backwards without any previous experience, especially when he is only repairing a section where the other tiles have been properly laid. The smooth side of the tiles will not even stick, let alone fit. But one bright morning I had to spend nearly an hour teaching the Chief (a comparative expert) the right way to lay tiles. He had complained that they just fell off for him, and that he couldn't understand why.

Later that same day I was redecorating my room. Foolishly I let Candida, the brightest girl in the school, re-hang a curtain. I told her to examine a curtain already properly hung and to hang the other in like manner.

"Now," I said to myself, "Candida will certainly not hang that curtain backwards." And I went on with my painting. When I looked around again, I saw that she had not only hung it backwards but also upside down.

However, the two little girls who

help the cook knocked holes into my saying by perpetrating a batch of bread all by themselves. I ate a few slices against my better judgment and the taste was delicious. My cook complains that these girls wash the bottoms of the pots with their faces and dress fronts. Though this is probably an exaggeration, they often look as though they had.

And my dictum did not hold water the time the Chief took me fishing. His prowess at pulling big, fat, vicious fish out of the Beni River is a byword in this region. One fish he caught on that occasion was only three feet long, but had a head a good ten inches wide.

As soon as the Chief got his catch near the shore, he smacked it with a machete. I have seen him get fish with only the machete itself. There is nothing on earth that these Indians handle better.

My prize for the day was a fine bass, about a foot long. The Chief, however, seemed to have "hit the spot," and he pulled in seven before the mosquitoes and darkness persuaded us to go home. Though he has the largest family, he gave away most of his catch.

The Other Blind Man

JIMMIE, once a Buddhist, is now a fervent Catholic and a full-time worker for the St. Vincent de Paul Society. Walking to Mass one Sunday morning, he bumped into a man and knocked him to the ground. Jimmie was all apologies. "There is no excuse for knocking down a blind man!" grumbled the unforgiving one. "Can't you see my white cane?" Replied Jimmie: "No. I'm blind, too." Jimmie was forgiven, and he persuaded the other blind man to accompany him to church. "What's that about the blind leading the blind?" chuckled Jimmie.



—Albert J. Murphy



Cesar gave me the gate

by James R. Dyer

An introduction to *manana* and *siesta*

The other day I went out to the gate. My little friend Cesar came running up, saying, "*Buenas tardes, Padrecito.*" I returned his greeting, and after a few words he made me an offer.

"*Padrecito,*" said he, "I will teach you Spanish if you will teach me English." We shook hands on the proposition, and we began right then and there.

I taught him the word for gate, and he gave me the Spanish equivalent. Although I tried to imitate his pronunciation, Cesar said, "No, Padre."

Just then his pal came along. I repeated it for him, and he said, "Ya, Padre." Cesar still said "No, Padre." His pal said my pronunciation was all right because I was just learning. Cesar and his pal went off to play.

But not everyone is so critical as Cesar. Father Jim O'Brien was practicing the language on some children; a native Padre, also in the group, complimented him on how

well he spoke Spanish. Later Father Jim overheard one of the boys asking the native priest, "Why did you say he could speak Spanish well? He's awful." The good Padre agreed and said, "I know, but I wanted him to feel good."

Since coming to South America, I have been impressed by the easy-going tempo of daily life. Everyone down here takes his time. The stores close from 12:00 to 2:30 for the *siesta* period. The school children have about five months of vacation each year.

Illustrative of the *mañana* spirit, is the old woman who sells vegetables and fruits down at the corner. In the morning she has her stand on the sunny side of the narrow street. As the sun rises higher, she gradually changes position. By the afternoon she has moved across the street. She spends most of the day sleeping soundly, despite the sounds of children playing near by and countless people and animals passing by.

Really inspiring was the sight of

a procession in honor of the Virgin Mary. First came a life-size statue of St. Michael, which symbolized the power of the good angels over the bad. Next the children formed in line with baskets of flowers to strew along the way. Then came altar boys and two thurifers. The Padre walked in front of a beautiful, life-size statue of Our Lady which was dressed in fine robes and wore a silver crown. It required twelve men to lift the statue of the Virgin; they were replaced by others at intervals during the procession. The army band formed directly in back of the statue, and then came the people. Along the way, people crowded roofs, windows, and balconies, showering the statue of Our Lady with flower petals.

In Arequipa there are trolleys, busses, and taxis. But the contrast between the old and new, between rich and poor, is most striking to one who is fresh from the States. Comparing the prices of food and clothing and the daily wages earned by the Indians, I could not see how they managed to make ends meet. A few houses of hospitality and well-supervised playgrounds would work wonders in this Peruvian city.

The commonest sight down here is a woman carrying something. If it is not her baby than it is some other burden. The typical Indian woman wears wide, brightly colored skirts. Her crowning glory is sheltered by a derby. She would not know what to do with a pair of shoes. The children have two things in common: dirty faces and a very short childhood. Even a tyro can see that the missionary faces immense problems.



MARYKNOLL, THE FIELD AFAR MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

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If your relatives and friends do not receive "Maryknoll, The Field Afar," they will appreciate a gift subscription from you. Why not take this occasion to enroll them?

My Name _____

My Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

9:50

The Padre and the Redhead



by James V. Manning

One evening a red-headed youngster visited my office at the Institute Leo XIII in Talca, Chile. He was looking for a place to sleep. His story has the makings of a good novel about a boy.

When he was a small child, his mother died and his father abandoned him. Another family took Red in and kept him working steadily for his room and board. When this family decided to move to another town, they left Red behind; he was abandoned for the second time in his young life.

Red decided to visit his grandfather. It meant a seventeen-hour ride on the train, and he didn't have a cent to his name. The eleven-year-

old started out on foot, to begin life anew for the third time. A man with a horse and wagon gave the boy a lift as far as the first town. As the wagon bumped along the dirt road, the farmer questioned the lad. The man didn't make any comment, just listened. But as they parted he pressed ten pesos into Red's hand.

With the money, Red bought a ticket that would take him several stations on the railway. No official bothered him when he arrived at the destination on his ticket, and he stayed on board. But soon the conductor came around and threatened to have him put off at the very next station.

Other passengers heard this and made donations to pay his fare as far as Talca. The lady who took up the collection told Red to look up Father Manning in Talca.

There was no place to sleep at the Institute, so I sent Red to an inexpensive hotel for the night, after promising to send a telegram to his grandfather. Early the next morning I had him interviewed by a social worker, to check his story. She reported that it was all too true.

By that time it was too late to catch the day's train. After a bit of a hint, Red agreed to work for me for the rest of the day, to earn the price of a train ticket. I had to go out that afternoon. When I returned, Red had the place spick-and-span.

That night I called Temuco and arranged to have Father Sampson meet the redhead at the station. Next morning I saw him off. And a few days later, Father Sampson sent word that Red had arrived safely and everything was under control.

Life Begins at Six A.M.

A PHOTO STORY BY JOSEPH A. HAHN AND ROBERT J. WAELDER



To Father Thomas Prendergast, of Utica, N. Y., the jeep-load of youngsters (above) is just another incident in a usually crowded day. His mission is near Kyoto, Japan.





Father's day begins at six o'clock. Like priests everywhere, he opens it with Mass. After breakfast, there is a visit (below) with the school children. The morning is spent calling on Christians (right) about town.





The Padre and the Farmer's Wife



Father Prendergast has a clever way with the boys. After school he is the coach for basketball and base-



ball. The Japanese have made baseball their national sport. Father's athletic ability attracts converts.





Because of his interest in them, youngsters follow Father everywhere he goes. The farming folk around Kyoto know him as a friend, too. He is interested in their problems. This concern brings a harvest in souls.



MEN WANTED

Have you ever thought of marching alongside the missionary? You can heal the sick. You can teach the ignorant. You can comfort the dying. Maryknoll offers you the opportunity, if you can match these:

DESIRE. You must have the zeal, to help all men, to take the teachings of Christ to as many men as possible.

MENTAL ABILITY. Average intelligence is required. You must be able to learn a foreign language and to master the studies needed to become a missionary.

HEALTH. A missionary must have good health. Applicants are required to pass a physical examination.

FAITH. Solid piety is essential. You will need a letter from your pastor, attesting your good character.



WHY NOT GIVE YOUR LIFE TO CHRIST ?

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9-0

Dear Fathers:

Please send me monthly literature about becoming a Maryknoll
I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

Priest () Check
Brother () one.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Postal Zone _____

State _____ Age _____ School _____ Grade _____

HOW TO START A NEW MISSION

by Charles J. Schmidt

Hsingan is a town in a large, bowl-shaped valley, encircled by the hills for which the Kweilin district of South China is famous. A canal built two centuries before the Christian Era still supplies the farms of Hsingan with abundant water. On the whole, the people of this valley are better off than those of the southern part of the Kweilin Prefecture.

The Hsingan farming folk are very receptive to the Faith; there could scarcely be a more fertile field for a missionary's labors. Catechumenates could be begun in hundreds of villages within a week, if there were enough missionaries to instruct them. Hsingan is a missionary's dream come true.

Near-by Chuanhsien is having a great convert movement, but Hsingan's is entirely separate and perhaps destined to be even greater. Chuanhsien received a great deal of American relief after the war. Distribution of this free food and clothing to the poor did not bring the poverty-stricken into the Church. But the better-off people in near by villages

were so impressed by the missionaries' concern for the poor that they wanted to study the doctrine.

But Hsingan is new; no relief work was done in this area. Nor were there any Catholics when Father Arthur Lacroix, of Newton, Mass., set up a mission in a rented shop, a year and a half ago. He struggled along without a catechist for six months. By the time he left for Catholic Welfare work in Canton, there were three dozen Catholics in Hsingan. About a year ago Detroit's Father Armand Jacques became pastor. At first Father Jacques went from village to village, "breaking the ice." He always left a few books in each village. The people were given time to think the doctrine over; no pressure was put on them.

The first few months were slow, until Father Lloyd Glass loaned two of his catechists. At about the same time, the first nibble came from the countryside. A man in an outlying village heard about the Church and asked for instructions. Father Jacques told him that a catechist

R *Catechist + dispensary + teacher*



Father Schmidt



Father Jacques



Father Lacroix

would be sent when more were interested. Father Jacques and a pagan schoolteacher began classes when the interested man had secured thirty-five more prospects.

Dispensary work three times a week in Hsingan; a catechist always on hand, to greet all comers and explain the doctrine; an inquiry class out front each night, which Father often took himself: all of these projects produced a sizable group studying the doctrine at the central mission.

The numbers that could be accommodated were limited by the smallness of the rented shop and by the lack of teachers. Then along came one of the catechists who had worked for Father Jacques in Manchuria; three other Manchurian Catholics arrived to talk over old times with their former pastor. He turned them into catechists on the spot.

Finally, a pearl of great price came to work for Father Jacques. Her name was Teresa; she was converted by Father Jacques while he

was in Manchuria. During her university course in Peking, she had been president of the Legion of Mary. Teresa had been disinherited by her parents for receiving Baptism.

With all this help, Father Jacques was able to make a real beginning. Nine schoolteachers, loaned by the Chuanhsien mission, and nine schoolteachers in Hsingan, recent converts, began an intensive training course. When this was completed, a number of pagans came to the Hsingan mission to begin studying the Faith. All of them were high-school graduates and nearly all were schoolteachers. For the latter, the step meant the sacrifice of giving up their jobs for a two-month period. But for these Chinese, it meant a chance to study Catholic doctrine, and that was what they most desired to do.

The schedule followed by this first and by succeeding classes began with 5:30 rising and they were kept busy with classes, open forums, studies, and prayers, until eight or nine in the evening.

When the course was half covered

+ *hard work* = *A NEW MISSION*

the prospective converts were given three or four days off, to return home. There they could consider at leisure whether or not they cared to continue studying the doctrine. The Church was not forcing them; they could examine, and feel free to accept or reject the doctrine.

All of them returned, and after further study were baptized. A few of these converted teachers were selected as possible catechists. Although all the persons attending the initial class were well educated and accustomed to conducting classes, many of them did not meet the high standards Father Jacques sets for his catechists.

The ones who have shown promise are given two or three weeks more of training, at the front door of the mission. They meet inquirers, answer questions, and speak to the crowds that come three times a week for medicine. When the catechist has sufficient poise and confidence and is filled with zeal — when he is no longer afraid to preach the doctrine on any and all occasions — he is sent out to bring the Faith to the village from which he came.

The present staff of catechists numbers twenty-four. For the most part, they are in their twenties. Previously it was thought that, in China, age was a requirement for being a good lay apostle. Many missionaries believed that the Chinese would not listen to a young person. But the young people working for Father

Jacques have proven their ability. The best is not yet twenty years old.

The whole countryside around

Is God In

your will? You can put Him there and you should. Use this form: "I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. (The Maryknoll Fathers) the sum of \$_____."

Hsingan is open for the Faith. It needs only to be preached, in order to be accepted. At present over seven hundred people in eleven different villages are study-

ing the doctrine. As fast as catechists can be trained, they are sent to the next village on the waiting list. It is necessary to use the catechists to their utmost capacity.

By continuing the catechumenates during the hot months of July and August, we prepared two hundred Chinese for baptism. The effectiveness of Father Jacques' program is indicated by the fact that Hsingan now has 600 Catholics. And this increase reflects mostly the gains made in a four-month period. Now when the priest visits a new village, he is no longer a foreigner; he is a Spiritual Father with a spiritual purpose.

When not teaching classes for converts, the catechists go to near by villages. There they visit each family, explaining the doctrine and answering questions. Each village into which the catechists have gone has many families who want to study; in most instances, the whole population of the village applies. After a few successful trips, the catechists develop great zeal and enthusiasm, and of course they become more proficient in approaching strangers.

Those who sign up are given nothing but straight doctrine. Privilege is stressed: Catechumens should be

happy to have the chance to study. Many others have to wait for the opportunity to learn how to worship the True God.

If a majority of the people in a village sign the request for baptism, the village is put on the waiting list. To the written request all the village heads affix their seals. When all arrangements have been completed, a village delegation comes to Hsing-an, to escort the catechist, and carry his bedding, lamp, crucifix, pictures and kneelers.

Arrived at the village the catechist takes possession of a house donated by the village. This becomes the permanent chapel, and is never used for anything else. At times the place provided is an abandoned pagan temple; often it is the best house.

On Father Jacques' desk at the present moment are lists from thirty villages. These Chinese could begin studying about the Faith tomorrow, if Father had a sufficient staff of trained catechists. Over a hundred additional villages have expressed a desire to study. Another visit by the catechists, a few days to draw up the list, and they, too, would be ready for instruction. Small wonder that

Father will start another training class for catechists in a few days.

If this work can continue, with a staff of between thirty or forty catechists who are zealous and well trained, three thousand converts a year should be no impossibility. And that would still leave many thousands of non-Christians anxious to know about the Faith.

The snowball has begun to roll downhill; the more who study, the more who want to study. The Faith in the Hsingan area has become a very precious and desired commodity. The people are willing to donate the best house in the village for a chapel. Sadly enough, we cannot give many what they desire — instruction in the Faith.

Villagers on the waiting list are asked, "Why do you want to study the doctrine?" The commonest answer is: "We want the eternal happiness that the Church teaches. We do not know what the future will bring; but if we are baptized, we will have no reason to fear."

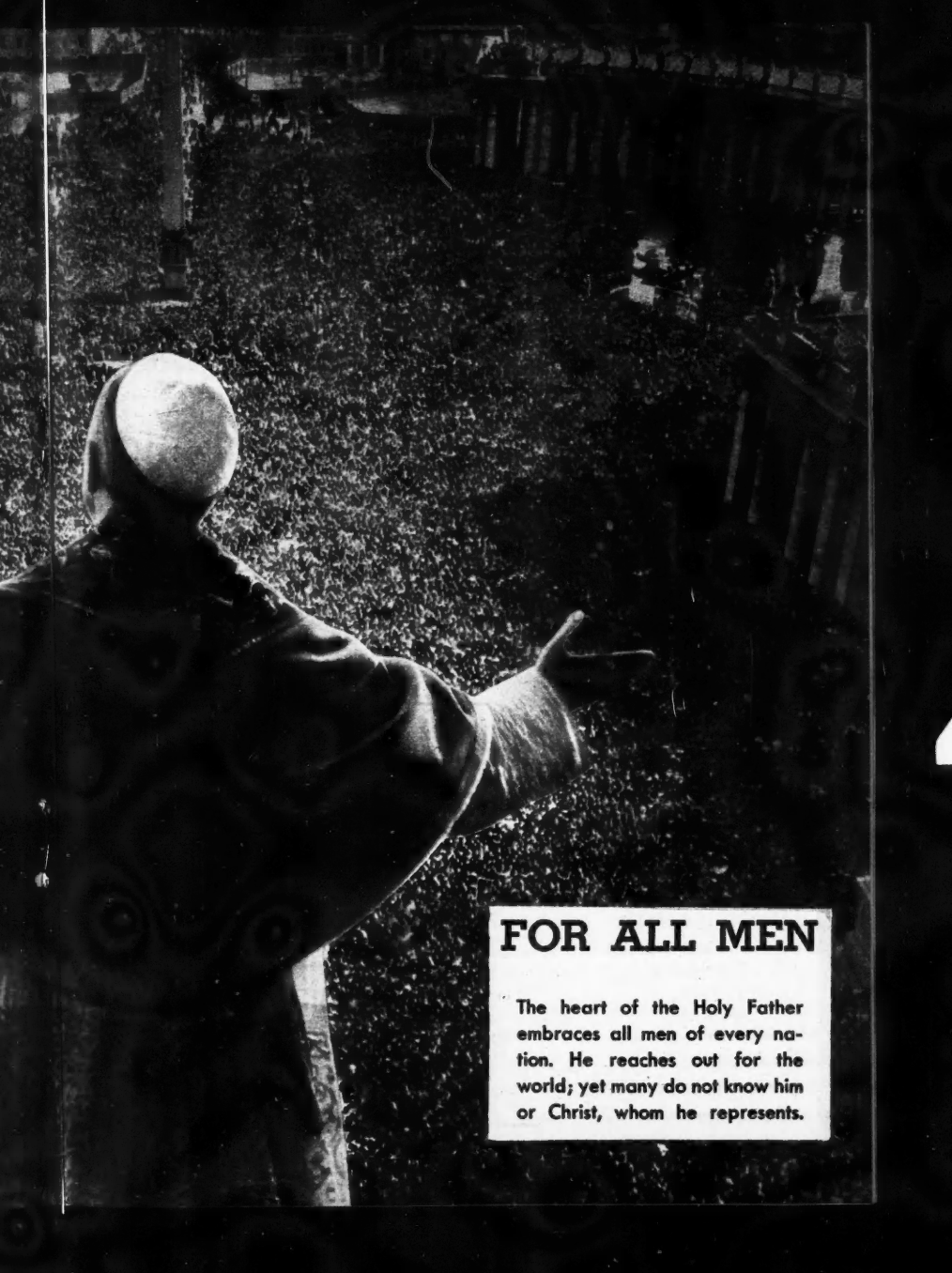
It is heartbreaking to have to tell people like that to wait. Please pray that they may have the thing they desire most, our Catholic Faith.

A CHALLENGE ANSWERED

"HOW can it be that Napoleon found millions of men ready to sacrifice their lives to ravage a nation while I cannot find a handful of devoted men to aid in extending the reign of God?" asked Father Charles Nerinckx, apostle of Kentucky, in an address in Belgium a century ago. His question was answered when DeSmet, later to become a great missionary among the Indians in our far West, and others volunteered to follow Father Nerinckx to America.








FOR ALL MEN

The heart of the Holy Father embraces all men of every nation. He reaches out for the world; yet many do not know him or Christ, whom he represents.



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The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., New York
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I enclose \$_____ toward the five hundred dollars
needed for a memorial room in a Maryknoll seminary.

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TWO NIGHTS IN THE JUNGLE

by John N. Fowler

I am forever being amazed at the vigor, stamina, and courage of the boys who live in our jungle missions in Bolivia. These lads can go through the most hair-raising dangers without being the least perturbed.

Take Manuel, for example. This ten-year-old lives in Cavinass, the mission's most remote outpost. One night the missionary there, Padre Fritz, was sitting in his tiny rectory when he heard a launch whistle blowing on the river. The whistle meant that a boat was pulled up at the little landing about a mile away. Since it might be several weeks before the next boat would pass, the Padre decided to go down to the landing and leave some letters with the boat's captain, for mailing. He asked Manuel to accompany him.

The Padre and the boy made their way along the dark jungle path and reached the river. There the priest discovered he had left several important letters on his desk, and he asked Manuel to run back for them. In due course, the lad came back; the letters posted; and the missionary and boy started on their way to the mission.

As they walked through a particularly dark section of the jungle, Manuel casually remarked, "Here's where the *tigre* crossed, Padre."

"What!" exclaimed Padre Fritz.

Then the boy explained how a jag-

uar had crossed the path directly in front of him, as he returned with the letters. Father Fritz lost no time in hastening from the vicinity — much to the amazement of Manuel, who couldn't understand the reason for all the hurry.

It was at the same mission that little Pablo asked the Padre if he could have Friday afternoon off from school, to go hunting in the jungle. Permission granted, Pablo ran home for his gun, and soon disappeared in the thick foliage.

On Monday morning, as the school children were lined up before the Padre, Pablo came hurrying across the school yard. Padre Fritz was just about to reprimand the boy for being late, when another youngster spoke up.

"Here comes Pablo," he said. "He was lost!"

Then the Padre learned for the first time that Pablo had not come home from his Friday hunting trip. The lad had lost his way, and had spent three days and two nights in the jungle, alone except for jaguars, anacondas, and other dangers. But Pablo was unconcerned about the experience.

He was sorry that he was late for school. He had come out of the jungle, straight to school, even without breakfast. Some boys, these jungle lads!

EDITORIAL:

The Master's Mission Methods

Mission work is not the work of man; and that is why, with all its discouragements, it is never discouraging. It has the supreme encouragement of being the work of God. There are many things worth knowing about the other sheep outside the fold, who are the objects of the missionary's efforts. But the most important thing of all to realize is God's design in their regard, together with His infinite love for them. It is certain that their conversion is a prime objective in the mind of God; "who will have all men to be saved, and to come to the knowledge of the truth" (1 Tim. ii:4). This indeed, is the chief reason why missionaries, lifetime servants of God by vocation, take up their apostolic task in the first place.

Seeing, then, that the conversion of all the people is God's ardent will, and adding the fact that the evangelization essential to their conversion is a specific command repeated by His own divine lips many times when

He dwelt amongst us, we realize that God Himself is the principal agent in mission work, that He is fully enlisted in it with all the treasures of grace at His command and all the resources of His wisdom and power. This means that He is constantly designing plans for the conversion of His people, and that He furthers His designs by many means of which His missionaries are only one. He lavishes grace on the undertaking according to His chosen method of reconciling the free will of men. Conversion is the birth of faith. Faith is a free gift of God, but it is well to realize that faith is a gift which God never withholds from anybody, one which He is particularly desirous of conferring on every member of the human race.

There are many things to bring people into the Church, and as many more to keep them out. But the former influences are the more basic and ineluctable. These are the essential attributes of human nature that



This Month's Cover

This Ndebele bride wears a very exotic dress, worthy of the one day in her life when she enjoys some importance. Weeks of labor went into the making of her gorgeously colored and intricate beadwork costume. The Ndebele tribe, of South Africa, by no means confine their artistic talent to delicate beadwork. Ndebele artists decorate the walls of their simple homes with murals that have won high praise from artists and world travelers who inspected the paintings.

represent the deeper substance of life and are shared by all men in common.

The other sheep possess immortal souls that were made for God and can never know any settled peace or true happiness without Him. The mind of each of them is a rational instrument; its proper object is truth of every sort, but particularly religious and philosophic truth. The other sheep have consciences. God wrote this testimony to His law in every man's heart. Conscience can be stifled, disregarded, even well nigh obliterated by long disuse, yet the still small voice somehow continues to whisper its saving reminders of better things that might have been, that might still be. Men are creatures of the spirit, although they do not look it. Their appearance is of the earth, their thoughts and speech are of the earth, but their make-up is basically spiritual.

All men share the many practical problems and interests that only religion can minister to. The very conditions of their lives on earth make men feel their need of God, make them seek Him instinctively, even though they have no conscious notion of their quest. Men want an explanation of suffering and hardship and a support in them. They want stability and harmony in their family life. More than anything else, they need and seek a source of spiritual strength: supernatural grace. What they want, in short, is some silver lining in the opaque clouds that cover their whole horizon from the cradle to the grave; a ray of light, a beacon of hope; nay, more and even much more—a divine and ever-present support that will be

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

with them through all the perplexities of life and will stand by them in the supreme hour of death. This means that they want God.

The Catholic religion was made for the human heart; it answers all the needs of men. It was divinely revealed and established. Regardless of how men may react to it, the Catholic religion embodies the central truth about life; it holds in its hand the supernatural gifts and blessings that men need in order to deal with the problems of life. Its mission advance is often difficult, sometimes retarded, but always confident. The truth is in the strong position, both because it is true and because it is needed.



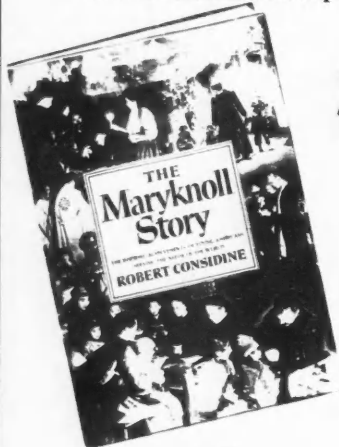
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Li'l Sis of Little Creek

by Bernard T. Welch

It was a fine morning in Little Creek; the sun got up early to extend a warm welcome to Ah Moe Li who had just come into the world. Grandma Li, for all her eighty-three years, never missed a domestic duty, and she had made sure that she would be on hand when this little miss came into the light. She quietly beamed at the little bundle and said, "A granddaughter at last. Now we will have peace in the house."

But then Grandma forgot the daily raids on her pantry by her grandsons. In her heart, the desire for more male progeny took the upper hand once more. She looked more closely at tiny Ah Moe Li and sighed, "What a shame she isn't a boy."

Though Ah Moe Li was the baby of the family, she could not afford to put on any airs. She stoically assumed the burdens that are a girl's lot in China. But at the same time, she enjoyed growing up with her brothers. In her quiet way, she pleasantly and colorfully knitted her life into the pattern set by them.

Ah Moe felt no desire to be alone or away from her brothers. Instead, her quick-wittedness and devotion to them made for her a halo, which she left unnoticed. Her energies were spent for them. If one of her brothers was disciplined for being lazy, and wanted her to do his work for him, she was certain to chide him for not

having consumed enough rice to move his lazy body. But, in due time, the requested service was rendered, as the brother knew it would be.

When Ah Moe Li's family entered the Church, about eight years ago, her brothers enrolled at the mission school. With her brothers away at school for weeks at a time, life became quite desolate for Ah Moe Li. But her break came when she was sent to the mission for classes that would prepare her for First Holy Communion.

Before many weeks went by she had the questions and answers of the Catechism "packed away in her stomach," as the Chinese say. The priest at the mission noticed the girl's quick mind and retentive memory and suggested to the father, "You ought to give your daughter the same educational advantages you are providing for your sons."

At first Mr. Li thought this suggestion was a superior sort of foolishness. "She's only a girl. And besides it would start a precedent."

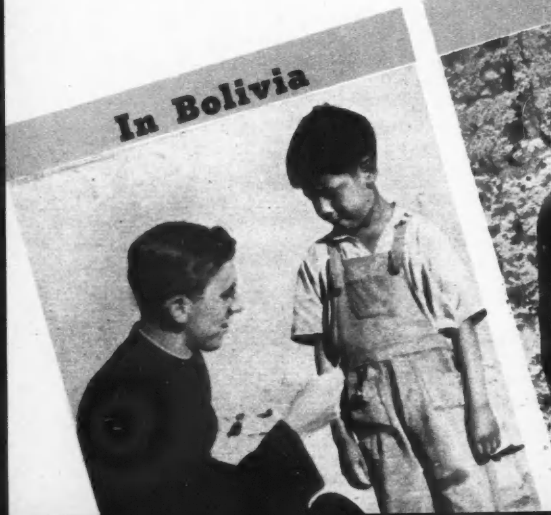
After a bit of persuasion, however, he conceded that it might be worth trying. Each year Ah Moe Li walks off with a generous share of the school honors. She earned a place on the "varsity" basketball team. In time Little Sis of Little Creek will hook a trout as well as Brother Number Three.

EACH A PART TO PLAY

Do you
selfishly
live for yourself
or do you live
for others?



In Japan



In Bolivia



In Peru



In China



In Africa

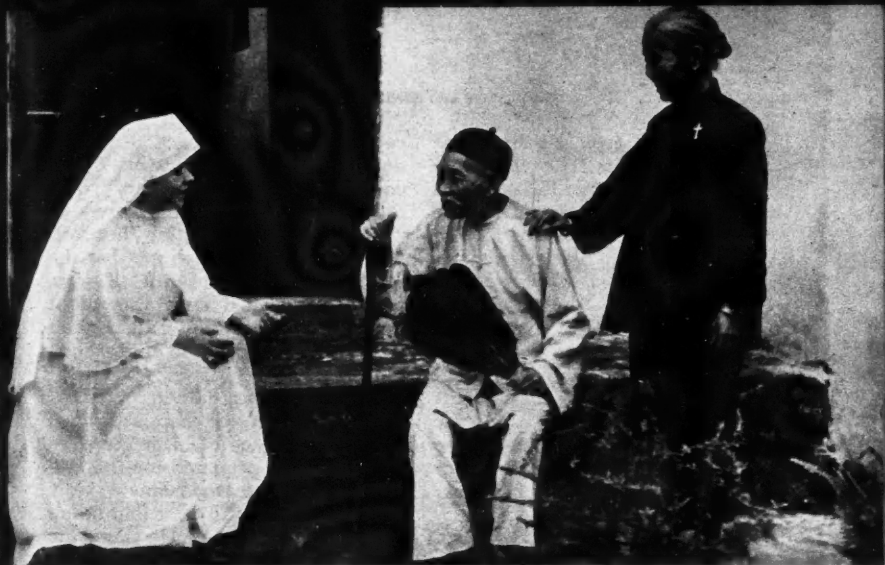


In Korea

To be a real Catholic
is to have
a place in your heart
for all men.
Christ said,
"Teach all nations"
and he was talking
to YOU!
If you cannot
give yourself,
give of yourself.



A Buddhist monk tells Sister Sabina the history of a camphor tree in the famous Isei Gardens.



Sister Maria del Rey Danforth of Pittsburgh, Pa., admires the lovely feather fan, possession of this old couple in Hingning, China.

Maryknoll Sisters Afield

Li Pac Me was nearly 94 years old — but she knew her own mind. “Don’t tell me I’ll die if I do this, or I’m not well enough to do that,” she often said to her great-grandson. “Haven’t I told you often enough that I won’t pass into the great beyond until I have found the one and only True Spirit?”

Great-grandson Li had his ears open later, in the market place, when folks were discussing the foreign women, who lived in a convent not far away. He heard one of the shoppers say, “The foreign women are offering to teach our women the way to worship the true God.”

Great-grandson Li ran home with the news. “Those women come from the Beautiful Country, Granny,” he panted. “I’ve seen them myself in the market place. They are dressed all in white and their faces are very pale. They came to our country for the purpose of teaching Chinese women how to worship their God.”

“And the classes start tomorrow evening?” Granny was on her feet in a minute. “What makes you so slow, Grandson? Get my towel, toothbrush, and tongue scraper. We’ll start at dawn.”

“Granny! Have some sense,” protested the great-grandson. “You

haven't walked beyond the house gate in twenty years. The whole clan will be down on me if I let you shorten your life this way. I won't let you do it. We'll ask the foreign women to come here sometime. That's final!"

But Granny won. With a cane in one hand and her young relative supporting the other side, she walked the four miles to the Shuichai convent. Often she sank down, exhausted; she stopped for tea at some twenty or thirty wayside inns. At the halfway point granny lay down for a good, long nap. But turn back? Never.

"Put your fears in your pocket, grandson, I know what I know," said she when her escort urged her to return home.

The sun had sunk behind the western bamboos when the two arrived.

Classes were hard for the old Chinese woman. She had a special bench for herself, and I tried to give her special attention. But the old ears were dull, and the ancient eyelids heavy. Granny was usually asleep after three minutes.

Even the first three minutes were hard. The simplest questions always brought one answer. "God knows everything and I love Him." The Three Divine Persons? Heaven and hell? Our Blessed Mother? The Incarnation? It was always the same. "God knows everything and I love Him."

Six weeks before Baptism was too long for Granny. Half-way through the course she began stopping me before and after every class: "Sister, time now for Baptism?"

"But granny," I would say, "the

course is only half over. And you don't even know your prayers." (She could only say, "Hail Mary"; just those two words, nothing more.)

There was no putting her off. Father told her through me that she would have to wait until all were ready. She waited until after night prayers one evening. As Father stood by the church door, she approached him.

"Good evening, Father.

"I'm here to be baptized now. Father, listen to me. I'm going to die soon. God promised me that I'd not die until I learned how to worship Him. I came all these four miles. I studied. I know how He wants me to love Him. Baptize me now, Father."

Who could have resisted? Li Pac Me was baptized that very evening.

The next morning, she said to me, "I'm going home today, Sister. I cannot die in another's house. Get me a chair and two men to carry it. But before I go, you must give me a rosary."

"But why the rosary? You don't even know the Hail Mary."

"It must go into the coffin with me," she directed. "It will be the sign that I am a real, true Catholic."

I smiled to myself: "Spry and wiry! She'll probably outlast many another."

It was a strange, very strange feeling that came over me when Li Pac Me's great-grandson walked in our front door very early the morning after Granny had left. He said: "My honorable great-grandmother died as soon as she reached home."

*Sister Rita Marie (Regan)
Fairhaven, Mass.*

THIRTY-EIGHT eager young Sisters to go overseas!

Five new mission stations to go to! Chile in South America, Likiep in the South Pacific, Lipa in the Philippines, and two new missions in Central America.

And older missions, — Hawaii, Africa, Korea, Japan, Ceylon, the Philippines, Bolivia, — to receive an increase of Sisters. Such is the program cut out for 1950's departants.

But the first task before all of us, is — to get them there.

The fare alone averages \$500. Other necessities mount up. A high hurdle to get over. And yet, by God's grace and your help, these 38 Sisters will be on their way to Christ's work in mission lands, very soon. Some, indeed, have already left.

And here's a thought to make you happy. When you meet, in Heaven, the souls she was the instrument of saving, you can say with joy, "Yes, I helped to send Sister to you!"



MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Maryknoll, New York

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I will send \$_____ a month to help keep a missioner on the foreign field.

Give Joe Wong the world
and he'd get you to wrap it up for him

DUMB—Like a Fox

by Maurice A. Feeney



Probably the first time Joe Wong comes to the mission dispensary for treatment he will arrive after I have closed shop. He will be surprised to learn that there are set hours for dispensary work: his mind cannot comprehend the idea. Why can't a sick person come any old time and still receive treatment?

As sure as I am running a daily free dispensary in Taiku, a small village in China, Joe Wong will not bring a bottle if he expects to receive liquid medicine. It is beyond him why I should ask him to bring a bottle.

"Haven't you got bottles here at the mission to go with your medicine?" he will demand.

If I were to give Joe Wong the world, he'd want me to wrap it up for him.

In time Joe will catch on to the crazy way the foreigner runs his dispensary, and he will come on time and bring his bottle.

Pagan Chinese use all kinds of circumlocution when telling you that they are suffering from malaria. Mentioning the word is "bad joss."

Apparently they reason that malaria is caused by some evil spirit, and the only way to drive him out is to sneak up on the spirit silently.

"Father, I have the end of my finger," the Chinese suffering from malaria will say. Or he will remark, "Father, I have the northeast wind." But that's the nearest a Chinese will come to saying that he has malaria.

Death is another word that the Chinese hate to mention or hear spoken. And a baby's age is a favorite Chinese taboo. There is a true story told of an American doctor, working in China, who tried to cure a Chinese woman of her superstitious fear of telling the correct age of her baby.

"How old is your baby, my good woman?" asked the doctor as the mother stepped into the dispensary with her baby in her arms.

"Two hundred years old," said the mother with a straight face.

"Whew?" exclaimed the doctor. "If it's that old how come it's not dead yet?"

The unmentionable word was like a sword piercing the mother's heart. The doctor's rough approach accomplished no good.

That same doctor, after spending several decades in China, got fed up with the people who regularly waited till they had one foot in the grave before they came to the hospital for treatment.

One very hot and humid day,

No Strings

The mission fields and Maryknoll seminaries in the U.S.A. have many needs. If you cannot decide which need is the greatest, make your gift "stringless." We prefer such.

look at the patient and waved the chair away.

"Take this man back where he came from; he will not be treated at this hospital," said the doctor angrily. "I'll teach you not to come to the hospital only as a last resort."

The chair carriers were in no hurry; the weakened sick man bided time, letting the foreign doctor blow off steam. When the doctor stopped for breath, the sick man spoke up in a thin voice:

"Doctor, I don't blame you one bit. We Chinese are a dumb lot, and I'm about one of the dumbest. But, doctor, we have a philosophic saying, taught us by our wise men. It goes: 'When you have a little sickness, hire a little doctor; when you have a big sickness, look for a big doctor.' Now, you're the biggest and best doctor in all these parts."

He was treated.

My own work in the mission dispensary has given me the pleasant opportunity of learning many strange customs of the Chinese. I have come to respect and admire the sagacity, the patience, and the resignation of the average Chinese. He has received little or no formal education. But his common sense and quick-wittedness demand respect.

when the doctor was feeling out of sorts, a sedan chair was carried into the hospital yard. The man in the chair was at death's door. The doctor took one

"**BEHOLD** I have given thee to be the light of the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation even to the farthest part of the earth" (*Isai. xlix: 6*).

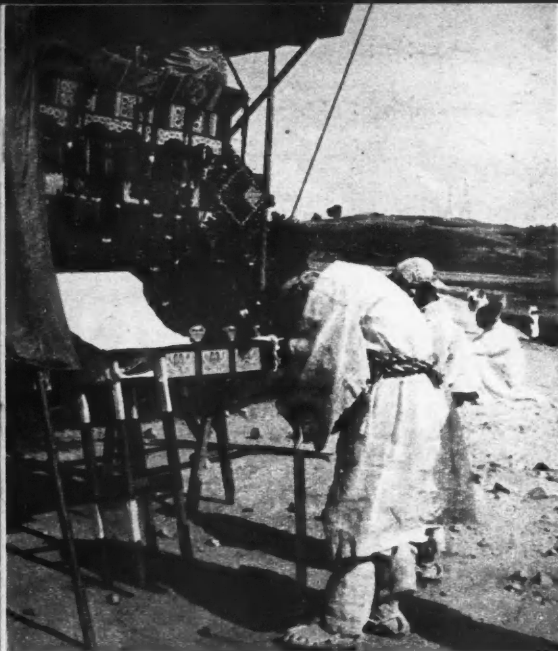
MARYKNOLL ACROSS THE WORLD

Some 30,000,000 people live in the territories entrusted to Maryknoll.

1. **Maryknoll, N. Y.** Center for the Society. Other houses marked with stars.
2. **Hawaii.** Maryknollers on islands of Oahu and Hawaii.
3. **Guatemala.** One of the most colorful lands in the world.
4. **Yucatan.** Here live many Mayas, one of the oldest American races.
5. **Peru.** Maryknollers work on the Andean roof of the western world.
6. **Bolivia.** Two missions here: one in the mountains, one in the jungle.
7. **Chile.** You will find Maryknoll in Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and Santiago.
8. **Tanganyika.** Souls in Africa's classic big-game country.
9. **Rome.** Mission center of the world. Maryknoll has a house here.
10. **China.** Four dioceses staffed by Maryknollers are in South China.
11. **Manchuria.** Communist occupation has halted work in this mission.
12. **Korea.** Regular mission is Red-occupied. Missioners work in Free Korea.
13. **Japan.** More missioners here would lead to many more conversions.







The Passing of Mrs. Pak

Her spirit rode
in a white chair

by George M. Carroll

There was great excitement down the street the other day, and I went to see what was happening. Mrs. Pak had died. She was a Korean woman about thirty-five years of age, but looked fifty. Her face was wrinkled and lined from years of hard work. The illness that finally took her was cancer. For almost a year she had been confined to bed and had suffered a great deal. Now she was dead. The Pak family was not well-to-do, but they had to show the neighbors what a real funeral looks like. What would it matter if they did go into debt!

Some of the neighbors came to prepare the body for burial. It was put into a very plain pine box, the cover of which was fastened on, not by nails, but by a rice-straw rope. Mean-

while Mrs. Pak's husband had gone to consult a soothsayer about a propitious grave site and time for burial. Such things are quite necessary if Mrs. Pak is to have a "smooth burial." The coffin was placed at the end of the big room in the Pak home, and a screen placed in front of it. There is no embalming in Korea, and Mrs. Pak was to be buried the next day.

Early on the day of the funeral, all the relatives and friends of the Pak family gathered. As the coffin was carried from the house, all the women-folk set up a great howling, which sounds like "I go, I go." This wailing can be turned on or off at will; it is a "must" at a Korean funeral.

The coffin was put into an elaborate and gaudily decorated hearse. When a pagan is being buried, the

hearse is topped with a lotus, a Buddhistic symbol of life. Christians put a Chi Rho on the hearse, to show that Christ is the source of life. The hearse is carried by a number of men; the number of bearers depending on the wealth or prominence of the dead person. The hearse carrying the body of the assassinated Korean patriot, Kim Ku, was carried on the shoulders of over a hundred men of his party.

A chair, carried by a man, precedes the hearse; this chair is for the spirit of the dead person to rest on during the journey to the cemetery. Silk banners with superstitious inscriptions are also carried before the hearse; the wealthier the person, the more banners.

Mrs. Pak's husband, two sons, and two daughters walked immediately behind the hearse. All were dressed in Korean mourning clothes, made of coarse, buff-colored homespun. Mourning shoes, crowns and belts are made from straw rope. The eldest son carried a stick wrapped in white cloth. He leaned on this while he bowed before the "spirit chair" whenever the funeral procession stopped. The trip to the cemetery takes a long time because of the numerous stops made along the way. The pallbearers weave their way along, going forward a few steps and

then backwards a few steps, in rhythm. Time means nothing.

The ceremony at the grave was a long-drawn-out affair. The grave may or may not have been dug before the coffin arrives. It has, it must be examined carefully to see that it faces in the right direction and that the sides are smooth.

Mrs. Pak's coffin was lowered into the grave at the precise moment set by the soothsayer. Her grave was four feet deep, and was covered by a sodded mound. In olden days, burials were permitted anywhere, but the Japanese forced the Koreans to confine graves to cemeteries near each city and town.

Korean funerals differ from those in the States in that nothing is done in Korea to take away the thought of death. Christian funerals offer an excellent opportunity of getting people to think about life after death. Many a person now a Catholic received his first impulse towards the Church at the funeral of a Catholic friend.

The Pak family have settled down to life without mother. They thanked me for my words of sympathy. And since the funeral, the sons have been regular visitors at the mission. Who knows but that their mother's death may be the means of bringing supernatural life to her sons?

The Dog Who Didn't Like Proverbs

A MARYKNOLLER recently welcomed a Chinese gentleman to his residence, writes Father Edwin J. McCabe from Kweilin. But the mission watchdog growled his disapproval of the visitor. The missionary assured his guest, "A barking dog never bites." The Chinese smiled ruefully: "Spiritual Father, you know the proverb; I know the proverb; but does the dog know the proverb?"

The Maryknoll Roundup

Thank You, Please. Brother Damien, our African correspondent, reports that obtaining a driver's license in Musoma, Africa, is anything but complicated. The official in charge merely asked Brother if he could drive. Brother said, "Yes." The official then said, "That's all: that will be five shillings, please." While in Musoma, Brother Damien, who comes from Wheeling, W. Va., did some shopping. The Indian storekeeper didn't have much stock, but was very polite: "Good morning, please. What can I do for you, please? Thank you, please. Good-by, please."



BRO. DAMIEN

Discouraging Ad. "Advertising does not always pay, as a doctor in Chuanhsien, China discovered recently," writes Father Francis G. Murphy, Maryknoll Missioner from the Bronx, New York. "A cataract had formed over an eye of Sister Paul, one of our native Sisters," explains Father Murphy. "Sister



FR. MURPHY

Paul made an appointment with a local Chinese doctor. He assured the good Sister that he could operate successfully. Cautiously, Sister Paul

asked the doctor if he had experience in such operations. The doctor claimed that he had removed a cataract for Mrs. Lin. Sister Paul found, upon visiting Mrs. Lin, that the poor woman had become totally blind since the operation. Sister Paul has gone to Kweilin where a competent doctor will operate on her eye.

Kind Words to Baptism. "A few kind words spoken by a young Japanese Father fifteen years ago brought a dying man into the Church recently," reports Brother Clement Hansan, Maryknoll Missioner from Saint Marys, Kansas. "The man," continues Brother Clement, "had been a furniture seller when Monsignor Paul Furuya, now Prefect Apostolic of Kyoto, walked into his shop to buy some chairs. After a friendly conversation, the two men did not meet again until the old Japanese lay dying and called for the kindly young priest of fifteen years ago. Monsignor Furuya arrived in time to give a brief instruction and baptize the shopkeeper before he passed away."



BRO. CLEMENT

Like an Angel. "Al Jolson and Larry Parks have nothing on my singing Indians, Pablo and Diego," says Father Hugo M. Gerbermann, Mary-

knoll Missioner from Nada, Texas, now stationed in Soloma, Guatemala. "The demand for song books exceeds the supply," continues Father Gerbermann. "When Diego asked me for a book, I refused because he cannot read or sing. The unhappy Diego begged and pleaded. To rid myself of his importunities, I promised to give him a book if he would sing a song. At that, Diego disappeared. He returned in a few minutes, stood at my door, and opened his mouth. I heard the sweet strains of a high tenor voice. Behind the door I found Pablo, singing like an angel. Diego has a bass voice. But I gave him the book for a good try."



FR. GERBERMANN

Doorstep Problem. Father Walter J. Valladon was entertaining two Maryknoll Missioners one evening at his mission in Cobija, Bolivia. As the missioners stepped outside they saw a little girl curled up on the stoop.

Father Valladon recognized her as the daughter of the woman next door. The mother had gone to a dance and had not bothered to get a baby sitter. Father took the little girl home but a few minutes later she was back, loudly demanding attention. To keep peace the priests let her sleep on the front porch for the night.

Burning Faith. "Fire wiped out part of Kowloon City recently, but one house still stands," reports Father Maurice F. Ahern, Maryknoll Missioner from Chicago. "Joseph Lee saw the black clouds of smoke over the city, ran to his home, and found it directly in the path of the fire. He fell on his knees before a large picture of the Sacred Heart in the entrance to his home. As he prayed, the wind shifted suddenly. Meanwhile, fire apparatus arrived on the scene. The flames were snuffed out only twenty feet from Joseph Lee's home."



FR. AHERN

MARYKNOLL HOUSES IN THE UNITED STATES

Maryknoll Brothers' Novitiate
1075 W. Market Street
AKRON 3, Ohio

Maryknoll Novitiate
The Maryknoll Fathers
BEDFORD, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
71 Jewett Parkway
BUFFALO 14, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior College
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

426 S. Boyfe Avenue
LOS ANGELES 33, Calif.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
6700 Bechmont Avenue
CINCINNATI, 30, Ohio

Maryknoll Apostolic College
CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
20 Newton Street
BROOKLINE 46, Mass.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
9001 Dexter Blvd.
DETROIT 6, Mich.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
1421 N. Astor Street
CHICAGO 10, Ill.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
MOUNTAIN VIEW, Calif.

121 E. 39th Street
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Maryknoll Junior Seminary
4569 W. Pine Blvd.
ST. LOUIS 8, Mo.

1492 McAllister Street
SAN FRANCISCO 15, Calif.

514-16th Avenue
SEATTLE 22, Wash.





INDIAN STREET

It is not a street in the ordinarily accepted sense of the word. For it is a long, pathless roadway extending 1,800 miles over the roof of South America, from Ecuador to Chile. Some call it the sierra; others the altiplano. But to 75% of the populations of Peru and Bolivia, it is home. It is the never-never world of Indian Street. Here live the descendants of

the once-lordly Incas, whom today we know as the Aymara and Quechua. Here is the land of quaint costume (left) and even stranger customs, a mixture of Christianity and superstition. Here, too, is Titicaca (above), the world's highest navigable lake.

COLOR PHOTOS BY VINCENT CUNNINGHAM





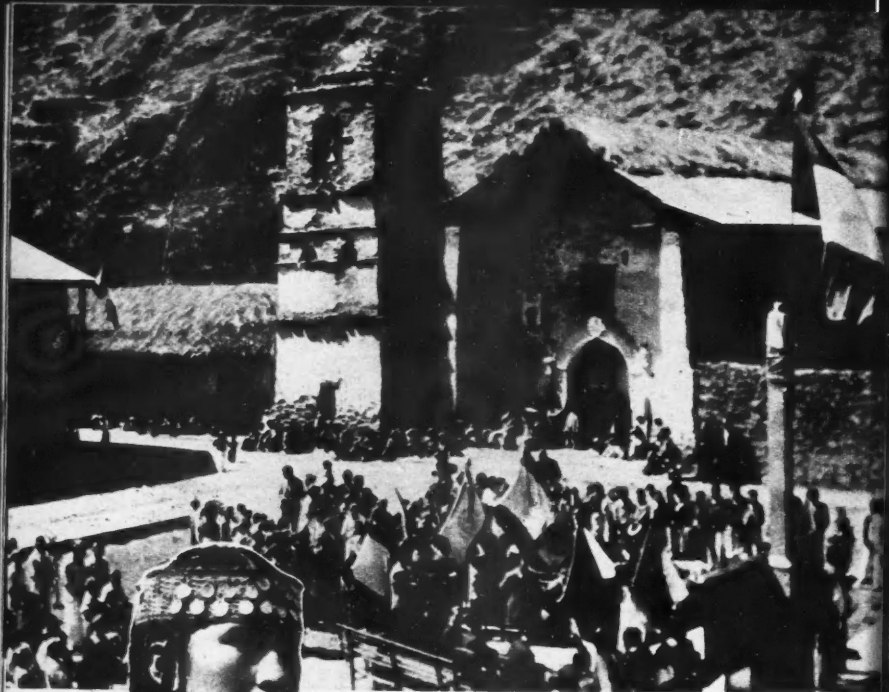
Father Donald C. Cleary (above) takes part in the fiesta honoring Saints Peter and Paul in Peru on June 29.





In the barren uplands, life is severe for all. Even the hardy llama must scour the rocky land for a few blades of ichu grass. Nowhere else do so many men live so high. Where priests are available, the church becomes the center (left) of the Indian's life.

Here begin and end the fiestas, which give intermittent breaks in the dull, everyday monotony of the Indian's year. The Indians have their own weird music (above), provided largely by drums and flutes, which sound out ancient rhythms.



The people of the Andes live in little settlements hidden between jagged mountains. The plaza and church of Cuyocuyo (above) are well known to many Maryknollers. Here many a fiesta is held, with strange customs and century-old dances. The mountain people are noted for their elaborate costumes, many of which can be traced back to colonial days. Oftentimes, an entire life's savings will be paid for a dress that is worn only on special occasions. The costumes are bedecked with coins and beads. In many areas, silver spoons are sewn on the dresses.

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The old man of the Andes (above) wears a headpiece that would startle the most sophisticated American designer of women's hats. The plaza of every village (right) is a meeting place for the mountain Indians.





FOR FURTHER
INFORMATION

(Mail this form.)

Vocation Director,
Maryknoll P.O., New York

Dear Father:

I am interested in the Maryknoll Brothers and should like to receive further information. I understand this does not obligate me in any way.

My Name _____

My Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

State _____ My Age _____

Men with a purpose

Maryknoll Brothers Work for Christ

Maryknoll Brothers are men with a purpose. Each day in the life of a Maryknoll Brother is used for his own personal sanctification and for the furtherance of the work of Maryknoll in carrying Christ to those who do not know Him. It is their dedication to this spiritual purpose that is the secret of success in the Brothers' life of self-denial.

The Brothers are an integral part of Maryknoll. They share in the work, prayers, and merits of all Maryknollers. Like the priests, they are bound by the Society Oath.

The first step to be taken by a young man who wishes to become a Maryknoll Brother is to talk the matter over with his pastor and confessor. He should then visit a Maryknoll priest, if there is one near by, or write to the Vocation Director at Maryknoll, New York.

What are the necessary requirements? To be accepted for the Maryknoll Brothers the candidate must be between 21 and 30 years old. Naturally, he must have good health. Mission life demands this, and he will have to take a medical examination before being accepted. To apply, he must have good character and this must be attested to by his pastor. Maryknoll Brothers must be men of deep religious feeling and habits. They must possess zeal, generosity, and good judgment. Applicants ought to bring some technical or commercial ability that can be used in Maryknoll's work.

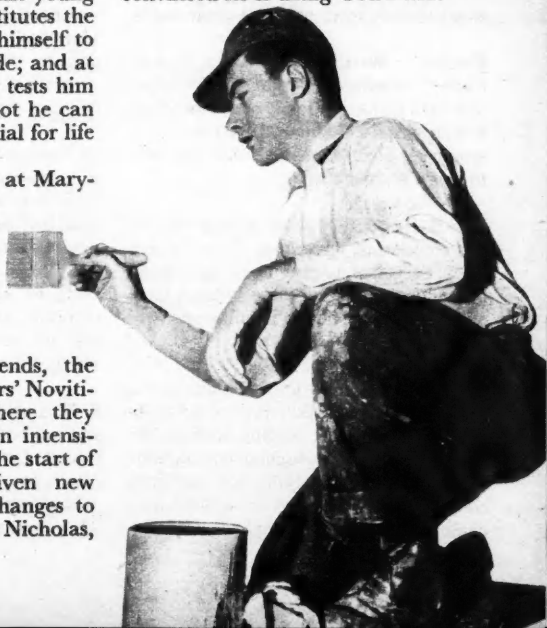
When the candidate is accepted, he is assigned a time for arrival at Maryknoll to begin a six-to-nine-month period that is called the postulancy. During this period, the young man learns just what constitutes the life of a Brother; he tests himself to see if he can make the grade; and at the same time, the Society tests him to determine whether or not he can develop the qualities essential for life as a Brother.

This postulancy is spent at Maryknoll, New York. The candidates live with the older Brothers assigned to work at the Center, and they have the opportunity to learn from the experience of those older men.

When the postulancy ends, the candidates go to the Brothers' Novitiate, in Akron, Ohio. There they spend twelve months in an intensified spiritual training. At the start of this period, they are given new names; Mr. John Jones changes to Brother Martin, or Brother Nicholas,

or a similar title. At the same time, the novices are invested with the cassock and cincture, the official garb of the Maryknoll Brothers.

At the end of this year, the novices are admitted as members of the Society, and are then assigned to regular posts of duty, either here at home, or overseas. Because Maryknoll has grown rapidly and has had to open many training houses in the United States, many Brothers will have to work for the missions by tasks performed here at home. Because his training has been successful, the new Brother will sacrifice his personal wishes, and will accept any job given him. He knows that no matter what his task, his work will result in the salvation of souls. His life becomes possible because he is convinced he is doing God's will.





Want Ads

Magic Lantern. Since the coming of the movies, the primitive "magic lantern" of years ago has been nearly forgotten; but in remote African villages it is still the best possible aid for religious instruction. One is needed; it costs only \$7. Who will spare that much to provide it?

Spread the Word. Missioners in China ask \$150, to pay for printing religious books and pamphlets that have special local application and are otherwise unobtainable. Missioners need them soon. We beseech your help.

Oil, \$2.28 a Gallon. Aren't you glad you needn't pay Bolivian jungle prices? Maryknollers there must have oil to operate the motors that light mission churches. Will our friends help us buy the fuel they need?

Be Everywhere at Once? Even with the station wagon they sorely need, Maryknoll missioners in Peru couldn't quite manage that. But they can be in many more places than at present, and in much less time. They could carry altar fittings or food or medicine; they could take sick people to hospitals; they could serve many more, and win more converts. At \$2,300, such a vehicle is a bargain.

A Thousand Bricks cost \$5 in Africa, and will build a good wall for a school or a church. A bag of cement costs \$3, and will help hold up the brick. How many bricks—how many bags—will you contribute? The missioners need all they can get!

No Need of Rent Control in Kongmoon, China. Bishop Paschang's housing project for the homeless is on a small scale. But with \$5, he can bring new hope to Chinese who have not whereon to lay their heads.

Readin', Writin' and Then Some. Father Donnelly, in Peru, asks \$10 to buy 20 school desks; \$15 for 30 school benches; \$10 for visual-aid films; \$250 to repair the seminary; also, if possible, \$20 monthly to pay a teacher's salary.

Ten Gifts of \$3,000 each are needed for the erection of chapels in Japanese villages. Scores of pagans there are taking instruction. Some of these villages have offered to donate land if the missioner will build a chapel.

Se Typela Español (Or something of the sort). Missioners in Bolivia need six typewriters equipped for writing Spanish, for use in the commercial school operated for young people in Riberalta. The machines cost \$110 each; now they are rented; purchase would be an economy.





Africa calls — for help

Maryknoll Missioners in Africa request help for a new mission at Masonga—Complete, \$25,480.

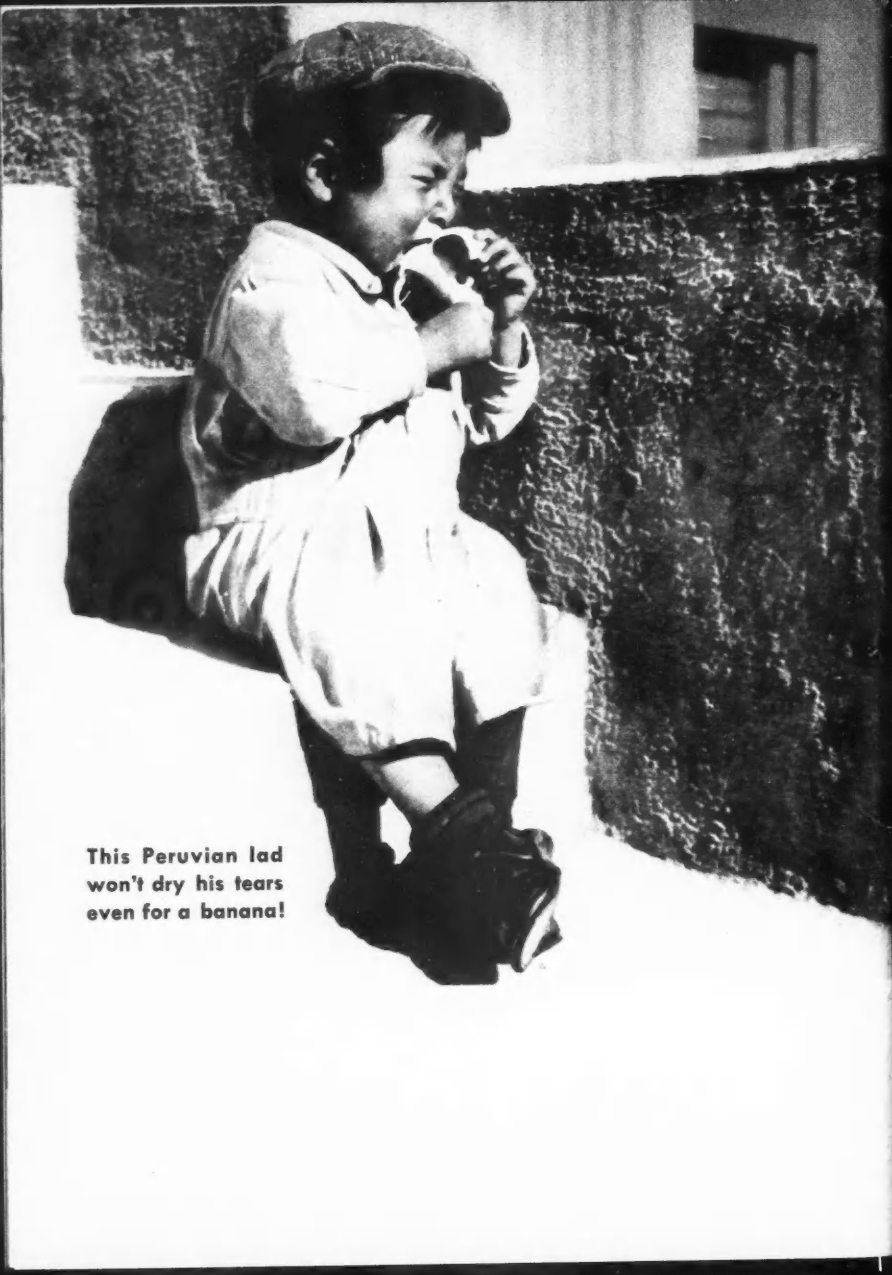
Cost of the various units as follows:

Church	\$10,000	Kitchen and storeroom...	\$200
Rectory	5,000	House for women cate-	
Convent	5,000	chumens.....	200
Boys' school	1,500	House for men catechu-	
Girls' school	1,500	mens.....	200
Catechumenate	1,500	Comfort station.....	80

A gift of any amount toward this need will help. \$2,480 will get this mission started.

Write for our free booklet, "How to Keep While Giving" and learn about the Maryknoll Annuity.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

A black and white photograph of a young boy, likely of Peruvian descent, sitting on a light-colored ledge or step. He is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved shirt, light-colored trousers, dark shoes, and a dark flat cap. He is holding a banana in his hands and has his face buried in it, with his mouth open as if crying or eating. The background is a dark, textured wall, possibly made of stone or rough plaster, with a window visible in the upper right. The lighting is bright, casting a shadow of the boy onto the wall behind him.

**This Peruvian lad
won't dry his tears
even for a banana!**

